SAUCE

FOR THE

WEDDING DINNER:

Or, a Pleaſant

DISCOURSE

OF

LOVE and MARRIAGE.

By MARTIN WILORINGOLD.

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To the Reader.

IF thou art a Critick, doubtleſs I ſhall be loaded with ſevere Cenſures; that my Senſe is incongruous, in confining myſelf to that Term of Speech, The Sinews of your Stones are wrapt together; *becauſe this is a peculiar Property belonging only to the* Elephant, *whoſe Teſticles are hidden, and ſtick to his Belly, by certain Sinews and Ligaments, and do not hang down as other Creatures Teſticles do; and therefore cannot be fitly applied here: Which here I take the Opportunity to acquaint thee, that I am not wholly ignorant of this Thing, but the whole Scope, and Deſign of the Diſcourſe, being to create a little harmleſs Mirth, I thought it requiſite to reſtrain myſelf to the verbal Sound of the Text, uſing it for Competency and Freeneſs from Imperfections: Therefore ſo much for the Embroiderer, or an Anſwer to your Criticiſms.*

Martin Wiloringold.

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SAUCE FOR THE WEDDING DINNER.

JOB XL. Ver. 16, 17.

Loe now his Strength is in his Loins, and his Force is in the Navel of his Belly.
He moveth his Tail like a Cedar, the Sinews of his Stones are wrapt together.

THERE is an amphibious Creature found in ſeveral Lakes of *Ethiopia* interiour, or the Land of the *Abyſſines*, and in the River *Nile*, which is called by the Inhabitants *Bihat*, and *Hippopotamus* by the *Greeks*, becauſe of its having ſome Reſemblance to a Horſe in ſeveral Parts of the Body: Which according to the Opinion of *Bochartus* (in his Treatiſe *De Animalibus*) is that Creature which

goes by the Name of *Behemoth* in the Book of *Job*, and of which our Text ſpeaketh. But not to make a narrow Scrutiny after what that Creature is, it being not the immediate Deſign of my Diſcourſe; I ſhall wave that, and haſten to the Thing which our preſent Occurrences doth require. And here let me intreat you to lend me your Patience in hearing. You know our worthy Friend *Conſtant*, (with the Help of that excellent Knitter of *Gordian Knots*, the Conſcionator of our Pariſh) hath of late linked his Heart to the Soul of that incomparable Lady *Cornelia*: Whoſe Angelick Features charmed his Affections; and now through the Smiles of Fortune, he ſits crowned with the bleſſed Enjoyment of her tranſcendent Beauty; which is the Subject of our Meditations.

This matrimonial Tie is very Honourable, and of an ancient Nativity; for our Firſt Parent, ſeated in the higheſt Claſs of Perfection, and ſurrounded with the utmoſt Pleaſure and Delight, was reckoned to be in ſome meaſure Loneſome, until he had his Female Comerade.

And yet we may ſay with that common Adage, *So many Men, ſo many Minds:* For ſome partly ſpeak in Commendation of it, and others again declaim againſt it as a grand Enormity; crying up a ſingle Life for the moſt Heavenly. Upon which rigid Conceit we find a great many excellent Beauties deprived of the Comforts of this Life, by incloſing themſelves in a Monaſtery: Contemning that honourable Title of *Mother*; and without which the Natural Line of Human Race would ſoon be broken. But I am not going to perſuade any unto, or diſſuade from a married State; for certainly a Sporleſs Chaſtity in Words, Speech and Behaviour, with a pure Virginity in either Sex, is a very praiſe-worthy thing.

Having now by this Prologue laid a Foundation for your Audience, I ſhall draw the Scene, and preſent you with the whole Act. And here I muſt confeſs, I am confined within narrow Limits, and therefore I crave this

this Favour at your Hands, that in thoſe Bounds which ſincere Modeſty doth permit, to let me deal freely with both Sexes; and that you will be pleaſed to put a favourable Conſtruction on what is innocently intended.

The Words of my Text you ſee are but few, and therefore I muſt deal, as the *Indoſtans* do with their *Rice*, who for to cauſe a Diſtinction in the Diſhes, though the Subſtance be the ſame, make it of a different Taſte, and of ſeveral Colours.

In the Text, were we to conſider the Words in themſelves, we have three things preſented to our View.

Firſt, An Affirmation of the Strength of this wonderful *Behemoth*,

Loe now his Strength is in his Loins, and his Force is in the Navel of his Belly.

Secondly, His ſtately Motions,

He moveth his Tail like a Cedar.

And Thirdly, His perfect Soundneſs,

The Sinews of his Stones are wrapt together.

But this not being exactly congruent with the preſent Occaſion, we will obſerve this Method in turning our Diſcourſe of Love and Marriage, and divide both Sexes, Firſt into *Cupid's Novices*; Secondly, *Love's Heroes*; and Thirdly, the Right Reverend Order of *Widows*; and Fourthly, give ſome *Rules* for a Regular Marriage: Of each in their Order.

Firſt, *Cupid's Novices*. How many are there in theſe latter Ages, who ſo ſoon almoſt as their Mothers have ſhak'd them from the dandling of the Knees, and the Sleep-inviting Reelings of the Cradle, move their Tails like Cedars, and walk about in ſtately Motions, inceſſantly performing their nocturnal Serenades and Maſquerades, under the Windows of their admired Objects; paying Devotion to their mortal Deities; and think Sixteen or Eighteen Years of Age, a high Time to be linked in a conjugal Tye; whoſe Imber-bick Chins proclaim them incapable of engaging in an amorous Encounter, or to perform the Acts of *Coitus* in a right manner. Theſe having

having their Eyes hood-wink'd with Love, and their Senſes Philtre-charmed, ſuddenly caſt themſelves down the Precipice of Marriage. And now if Marriages were on all Sides happy, (which is no Schiſm to doubt of) Experience never found them among ſuch, as had no other Nealing, but what they received from the Flames of Love; which cannot hold without Jealouſy, nor break without Repentance, and muſt needs render their Sleep unquiet, that have none of the *Cadds* or Familiars ſtill knocking over their Pillow. We ſee every Age diminiſheth in Bulk and Stature, which is partly owing, doubtleſs, to our immature Conjunctions: For can we expect a Giant to be the Product of a Dwarf's Copulation? What ſhould theſe Pigmies produce but a Pigmy Offſpring? And as for your Feminine Race, if Nature doth afford them an indifferent Stature, they at Fourteen years of Age (or before perhaps) think themſelves ripe for a Nuptial Bed, and rank themſelves in the Order of the Marriageable. They being thus mark'd out for Sale with the Characteriſtick of a Capital W-----, and being poſſeſt with longing Deſires (as is common to that Sex) do apprehend there are Felicities in the things they never tried. So many of them ſhipwreck their Credit, and like our old Bedlam *Eve*, who ſold us all for an Apple, ſpoil their Fortunes with an haſty and unpremeditated Marriage.

Hence it is that our Veins of Noble Blood, of which they do ſo highly vaunt, are in ſuch a woful manner vilified. Many times the Firſt-born Son of a noble Extract, ties himſelf a Slave to the Embraces of a Kitchen-wench, or my Lady's Chamber-maid, who, perhaps, before ſhe was dignified with that Poſt, went arrayed in a very airy Dreſs; her Hair hanging in diſhevell'd Locks like an old Hag, with one Heel covered, and the other bare, to the Sight of the hindmoſt Ambulator. Our young Lady on the other hand, being unwilling any longer to continue ignorant of Love's *Croyado's*, admits to her ſecret Embraces the Scoundrel Coachman or baſe Scullion: And thus we have produced a Mungrel Race of Gentlemen and Beggars. And where is our noble

Blood

Blood now, (if it be lawful to call one more noble than the other) when it runs in ſuch baſe turpid Veins?

The beſt of Husbands, we muſt confeſs, are but Servants, but ſuch Fools as theſe are Slaves to their Affections.

How often have theſe Novices with their downy Chins, and a few *China* Hairs, been crowned *Acteon*-like, with ſpacious Horns, and openly confeſt that they were married too ſoon, and that juſtly they were made beardleſs Cuckolds? But it muſt be allowed as an undeniable Truth, that they are bleſt with no ordinary Happineſs that have Wives wiſe enough to conceal the real Horns of their Husbands; far above ſuch, that being innocent, doth by their light Carriage make the baſe Symptoms appear in the World's Opinion. And here if we conſider the boundleſs Privilege of the Female Sex, it is enough to ſink us into the profoundeſt Admiration.

For the *Engliſh* Laws are compoſed ſo far in Favour of Wives, as if our Anceſtors had ſent Women to their Parliaments, while their Heads were a Wool gathering at Home; allowing no abuſing of Husbands capital, nor Marriage diſſolvable, but in caſe of Adultery, not ſubject to Proof, but under the Atteſts of two Witneſſes at one and the ſame time. Nor is Non-cohabitation a ſufficient Diſcharge from his keeping all ſuch Children as her Luſt ſhall produce during his Abode between the four *Engliſh* Seas: So as, if his Wife be a Strumpet, he muſt baniſh himſelf, or deal his Bread and Clothes to the ſpurious Iſſue of a Stranger. What prodigious Madneſs is here! What a Padlock hath our wiſe Anceſtors (Unwiſe I ſhould have ſaid) hung upon the Liberty of the Huſband! O blind Folly! O ſtupid Ignorance! O good God! within what narrow Limits is the poor Huſband confined? What ſhall we ſay of this Clog that retards the Motions of Man's Freedom, the wiſe Contrivance of our Fore-fathers? Nothing in its Defence; ſeeing the Greatneſs of this Error is paſt expreſſing.

And now let us take a ſhort Survey of the amorous Intrigues of *Cupid*'s Novices. O with what amazing Perplexity are our young Lovers poſſeſt! How often do they

they baniſh Sleep from their Eyes, and conſult whole Nights with their Pillow, in practiſing of Love Toys! Here ſits one involved in a Labyrinth of Inventions, writing of Letters, in ſuch a myſterious Manner, as were the dark Anſwers of the hidden Oracles of old: Mending and marring, till at laſt the Paper hath more Blots in it than clear Words. He skips round the maſſy Ball of the Earth in a Moment, and rifles both the *Indies* in ſetting forth the Perfections of his beloved Choice. Some again are continually acting in the Glaſs the gracious Smile, the rowl of the Eye, the Velvet Lip, &c. Others turn Companions of the Night-flying Owl, ſtanding ready charged with Love Letters, and Tickets to be caſt in at the Windows or thruſt under the Doors. Our Female Sex think to rectify the Draught of Nature, and where ſhe has given a tann'd and ill-favour'd Colour, to paint the Charms of an attracting Beauty: And therefore they keep themſelves to a Diet of Oat-meal, Clay, Chalk, Hard wax, and the like. Some that are poſſeſſed with impatient Longings, are conditioning with their Servants for a Ball or Serenade, that the whole Town might ring of the Addreſs. What ſuborning of Coadjutors to plead their Cauſe, and inſinuate them into the Favour of their admired Miſtreſs! And how many Turns do they take round their Lodging in the Night before they will let their Eyes enjoy the ſweet Reſt of Sleep! In brief, I ſuppoſe the moſt ſevere Penance, or tedious Pilgrimage that ever was enjoyned by the Papiſt for the Mortification of the Deeds of the Fleſh, would be willingly undertook by them, for obtaining of their deſired End. How extravagant and fooliſh are ſome of our young Wenches! Here you ſhall have one ſobbing and raging with Jealouſy of a Rival, there another ſtark mad for a Huſband, and inwardly bleeding becauſe ſhe durſt not diſcover it. How many fine Contrivances have they to manage their Deſigns *incognito! Achitophel* himſelf (were he now living) would be but a ſmall degree above an Aſs, in giving Counſel concerning Love Secrets, if compared with them. Women, in ſuch things, and in Miſchief, are far wiſer than Men. Having thus long tarried

carried with our young Amoriſts, let us purſue our Journey, and leave them at preſent, leſt we be taxed with Severity on their Part; and take up our next Lodging in the Quarter of *Love's Heroes*.

Some Perſons there are which brook nothing well Reſtraint ties them to; therefore they contemn Marriage as a Clog faſten'd to the Neck of Liberty by the juggling Hand of Policy, and take more Content in ſharing a Miſtreſs with others, than they can find in the ſole Fruition of a Wife: The Reaſon is, Strangers are taken for Dainties, Wives as Phyſick. Hence we ſee ſuch, while the *Strength is in their Loins*, and *Force in the Navel of their Belly*, *move their Tails like Cedars*: And while *the Sinews of their Stones are wrapt together*, conſume their radical Moiſture, and waſte their Health and Subſtance; placing, like ſtupid Idolaters, Divinity in a ſilly Creature, ſet by the Inſtitutes of Nature, in a far inferior Degree of Perfection, to that which makes it his Buſineſs to worſhip and adore it: This Road they follow, till by their continual Practice of ſuch Health-deſtroying Actions, they appear like the Image of *Prometheus* made of Clay; which need to be animated with renewed Fire. And many times at length they feel the ſevere Twitches of *Noli me tangere*, ſo that their *Sampſonian* Vigour is quelled, and inſtead of *moving their Tails like Cedars*, they hang down their Heads like Bullruſhes; and with their noſeleſs Faces, and rotten ſtinking Carcaſſes, they become odious to human Society, of ſuch a deformed Viſage with their Patches and frightful Scars, that *Tyſiphone* himſelf would appear amiable if compared with them.

How often do theſe *Fools in Folio* ſpend large Eſtates, and vaſt Revenues, in the Company of naſty Bawds and Palliards? And make their ſweet Virtues ſo much their Philoſophy, and their heavenly Faces (as they call them) ſo much their Aſtronomy, till they are made really and in effect Gymnoſophiſts, and are turned out of their fair Poſſeſſions into the wide World, to beg Bread for their Suſtenance: And all, forſooth, to be laureated and enrolled in the Female Kalendar for Heroes. A very poor

Re-

Reward, a ſmall Dignity, as I leave you to judge. He that uſes a Whore in a more peculiar Senſe than a common Jakes, deſcends from the Dignity of Reaſon: A neat Wench, like a fair Picture, may adorn a Room for a general Commerce; or, like a painted Inn-Poſt, may tempt a Man, as a Stranger, to while away ſome ſcorching Hours; but to hang her in his Heart, and turn Hoſt to a bare Holly-buſh, is ſo high a Blaſphemy againſt Diſcretion, that it would not only exceed Repentance, but Pity and Forgiveneſs, eſpecially in relation to ſuch who have on all ſides theſe Rocks marked out to them, by the Advice and Splinters of others.

But behold, when theſe Brothers of the Blade have ſpent all, and are reduced to Penury and Want, ſome of them let flow from their Eyes Rivers of Tears, not ſo much out of ſincere Repentance of their grand Enormities; but *Crocodile*-like, for Sorrow, that they have not a ſufficient Stock to drive on the ſame Trade. Thoſe who might have commanded others, will now be very officious to run at your Bidding, five Miles on an Errand, to be treated at a Three-penny Ordinary. Certainly 'tis an amazing thing, to conſider on the other hand, how many poor Devils there are which want Bread, that are yet troubled with the Rebellion of the Fleſh. Papiſtry is a very fit Religion for ſuch, (if they hold there is need of any:) For through the cruel Mortifications of the Body, it may be a proper Means to cool the Fierceneſs of their Fire.

One would think Poverty ſhould keep down theſe, ſeeing they belong to that Sect of Philoſophers that go half naked to let in the Rays of the Sun. And yet theſe will have a Lick at the Pot, according to the Profundity of their Purſes. But hold, let us ſtop a little, and not always ſcourge our own Sex, as if there was no Fault in the Daughters of *Venus*: And here let us take a Proſpect of them.

How many may we ſee, that outwardly appear veil'd with the Mantle of Chaſtity, careſſing and cokeſing their Husbands, in the very Moment that they deſign to betray them. Others picking their Husbands Pockets, to

pay

pay now and then for a By-blow. Some again that are all Devotion, the ſeeming Saints of the Earth, are all upon a religious Point, and the Humour of Pilgrimages and Lectures; when alas! they have no other Buſineſs with the Altars or Churches, than a Sacrifice to the Goddeſs of Love, or to meet their Paramours. Divers there are that ſeem to labour under heavy Indiſpoſitions, that go to the *Bath* for Eaſe and ſaving Relief, when Bathing is the leaſt part of their Errand. Others among the Papiſts to Confeſſion, that miſtake their Martyr for their Confeſſor. Some, on the other hand, that are plagued with jealous Husbands, are reſolved to do the thing they fear, and reward them in their own Coin.

Many other things there might be alledged to fill up the Catalogue; but I perceive this to be no ſafe Place, and fearing leſt they ſhould make their Sallies, and attack us with the Clamours of their reſtleſs Tongues; we'll withdraw at preſent, and before we proceed any farther, make an halt, to take a View of that Sect which live as it were alone, among the Generation of Men: Whom Fortune hath bleſſed with large Shares in her Favours, and yet they never marry, nor take the Enjoyment of their Wealth and Proſperity.

And here give me the Liberty, a little to debate the Caſe, with theſe ſelf-reſtraining Wretches. You on whom Fortune hath ſo plentifully ſhowered down her Benedictions, to let your youthful Vigour dwindle away, the Strength of your Loins to wither, the Force in the Navel to vaniſh, and old decrepit Age to ſeize on you with a ſilent Foot; and whilſt the Sinews of your Stones are wrapt together, not to take the Comforts and Pleaſures your Wealth and Riches might afford you; what prodigious Folly is this! What perplexing Thoughts *Damocles* like, ſhould poſſeſs your Breaſts, that ſcares you from taſting and enjoying the Bleſſings before you!

Pray go to the wiſe *Solomon*, ye ſimple Dotards, and ſee what he ſaith concerning your grand Enormities; and ſeriouſly conſer with your ſelf thus, ſeeing it is

a Vanity and a ſore Evil, as the Wiſe Man ſaith, to leave the Fruit of my Labour and Toil to be enjoyed by another that hath not laboured therein; then doubtleſs, if I ſo leave the Gifts kind Fortune hath been pleaſed to beſtow upon me, I ſhall be taxed with, and proved guilty of the higheſt Folly. And if this hath any Influence upon you, think upon ſome Way or Means to ſhun this Error; for it is Commutative, and eaſy to be avoided. And here the moſt univerſal Catholicon for this grand Irregularity, is plain and obvious to be this; that whilſt Strength and Vigour reſides in your Loins, and Force in the Navel of the Belly, and the Sinews of your Stones are wrapt together, to conjoyn yourſelf in a conjugal Tye; and if the Divine Powers ſhould bleſs you with a Natural Progeny; unto them to leave the Fruit of your Labour, wherein you have ſhewed your ſelves Wiſe under the Sun.

How many ſimple Wretches are there, that debar themſelves of all Comfort, never marry to keep up their Names to Poſterity, but are continually Carking and Turmoiling, to heap up Wealth, which when they have amaſſed together, they have no Power to uſe, but at laſt they leave it to thoſe whom they know not, whether they ſhall be wiſe Men or Fools! This, as the Wiſe Preacher ſays, is *a Diſeaſe, yea a ſore Evil.* Again, ſome blind old wretched Miſers there are, which when there is no Force left in the Navel, and no Strength in their Loins, marry with a young lively Wench, who is more likely to be took for his Daughter than his Wife. This old Fool being through Age and Buſineſs diſpoſſeſſed of the dumb and deaf amorous Spirit, and all vehement Deſires of Uxorious Vanities concluded, his Wife's Appetite fraught with the Diſeaſe of Luſt, unſeaſonably interrupts his Sleep calling for That; there is nothing in her but Importunity, to provoke him to, nor in him but the Deſire of Quiet, and to conjure down the fierce Devil of Jealouſy, which haunts the Houſes of ſuch married Folks, rendering them

them to the higheſt Perfection, Unhappy, Diſmal, and Clamorous; for ever flaming with the Fire of Contention. And here let me ask this old impotent *Amoroſo*, what his Deſign or Aim is in ſo doing: Doſt thou deſign, like King *David*, who when he was grown old, and his Heat departed from him, took a young Virgin to be his Bed-fellow; not out of a Deſire of Copulation, but to comfort and cherith him with her warm Blood? Certainly whatever thy End is, thou muſt needs be incapable of performing the Nuptial Rites; and if ſo, doubtleſs thy young Darling will dignify thee with the Crown of Cuckoldom: And then all thy Wealth and Riches, in gathering of which, thou didſt waſte the Flower of thine Age, ſhall be ſpent by the illegitimate Race of a Stranger; a Thraldom worſe than a *Turkiſh* Meſonage. The true Portrait of ſuch old leacherous Lovers is, a Leek with a white Head and a green Blade; who, though the Winter of old Age hath plentifully ſnowed upon their Heads, conceit there is ſufficient Strength left in their Loins, ſo that they move their Tails like Cedars, and rank themſelves in the number of the Sons of *Hector*.

Again, ſome of our Female Sex profeſs themſelves Haters of Mens Company, and are look'd upon as ſworn Virgins, thoſe that have bound themſelves with a *Jeptha*'s Vow, for ever to keep the Badges of their Virginity untouched.

But what through the frequent Motions of earneſt Deſire, and the Praiſes and Encomiums of others, that have already felt the Pleaſure of Love's Warfare, and out of a pure natural Inclination, notwithſtanding their profeſs'd Reſervedneſs, they are extremely unwilling to quit the Stage of this World in Ignorance, and not to act their Part on Love's Theatre. So then perhaps, when their natural Beauty begins to fade, Fame loudly trumpets abroad, that there is lying by them a Bag of Treaſure; kept till then as ſafe and as cloſe, as the Silver *Micah*'s Mother had devoted to make a God: (for you know that Gold and Silver are excellent Pomanders

to beautify the Skin; and makes the greateſt Blemiſhes and Deformities to paſs for admired Graces.) And at length by the frequent Caſtings of this Silver Bait, ſome hungry Fiſh nibbles at the Hook ſo long, till it's firmly faſtned in his Jaws: And ſo ſhe hath her deſired End. But how often is the poor ſilly Fiſh deluded by a dead Fly drawn ſofily along upon the Surface of the Water, which through the ſeeming Motions of it he takes to be alive? So here, through the Force of Opinion, the poor Husband is many times beguiled, and inſtead of his Hundreds, as common Fame related, he ſits down many times a forced Slave to Twenty and Forty. Which is the Cauſe of curſed Jars and Diſſentions in the Houſes of ſuch married Perſons: And hence it is that they have ſo ſmall a Share in the Comforts and Enjoyments of *Hymen*'s ſacred Rites. Many times it alſo happens, that theſe poor deſpairing Creatures, who thought they ſhould never be bleſs'd with the Fruition of an Husband, meet with an extream Huff or Highboy, that ſpends all her Thrifty-reſerves in the Company of more pleaſing and delightful Objects: So that ſhe, poor Heart, is deprived of her God; and who will be ſo unwiſe, when ſhe, through the Bitterneſs of her Fate complains, to ask her, as the *Danites* did *Micah*, what aileth thee?

Thus having, upon the Road, made a ſhort Stay in ſtepping in to ſee our covetous Dotards, and the Seemingly-reſerved; we paſs on, and take up our next Quarters at the Third Stage of the Right Reverend Order of *Widows*: And no doubt but we ſhall here find plentiful Entertainment.

And here I muſt confeſs I'm plunged into the Depth of Admiration, when I repreſent to myſelf the Actions of theſe; for by the outward Appearance of ſome Female Widows, you ſhall take them for Women of marvellous Severity and Reſerve, and yet every one of them hath her weak Side, and you may in legible Characters read her Folly and Diſtemper through her Diſguiſe.

What

What a Sea of feigned ſorrowful Tears flows from their *Crocodilean* Eyes, for the Loſs of our ſeemingly beloved Husband! Who at the ſame time in the Depth of their outward Sorrow, weep but with one Eye for the Loſs of the preſent, and laugh with the other upon him that is to come next. Others, Plurality of Examples plainly atteſt, ſolace themſelves with their Gallants, like the *Epheſian* Matron, before their Husbands be thorough cold in the Mouth: Conſidering that he that died half an Hour ago, is as dead as *William* the Conquerour.

Again, ſeveral others you may behold paſſing along to and fro, having wholly caſt off their ſable Weeds, and look ſo demurely, as if Butter would not melt in their Mouths, and yet they may be ranked in the black Liſt of Apoſtate Widows.

O good God! what prodigious Tongue-padding is there among this Congregation, whoſe Mourning was moſt *Alamode* and beſt made, and whoſe Peak and Veil became her beſt; ſo that ſtill in their Mourning they mind nothing but Pride, and how to ſet themſelves off, with a thouſand Tricks of Ornament and Dreſs, to attract the Eyes of the Beholders. The Widows, we ſee general Obſervation confirms, are extremely delighted to be eſteemed young, and are ſtill talking of Maſques, Balls, Fiddles, Treats; chanting and jigging to every Tune they hear, and all upon the hoyty-toyty, like mad Wenches of Fifteen.

Some whoſe Skill leads them to the Study of Perſpective, make frequent Uſe of the Glaſs; and with their Boxes of Patch and Paint, are upon ſhadowing, drawing out, refreſhing, and in ſhort, covering and palliating all the Imperfections of Feature and Complexion. O what daubing and patching up of an old ruin'd Face is here! But ſome of them may as well enterprize to waſh the Skin of a *Negro* white, as ever to beautify their old Wainſcot Faces. In fine, a World there are who imitate *Æſop*'s Crow, with their borrowed Hair, Teeth, Eyes, and Eye-brows. And ſeeing it is ſo, that

Widows ſo ſoon forget their Husbands, looking with a pleaſing Aſpect in Expectation of another, doth it not highly concern the Husband ſo to order his Affairs, as that there may be no Detriment to his natural Offspring? For there is no truſting of ſuch weak Veſſels, that are ſo ſubject to Leakage. But I think it is time to leave theſe at preſent, and ſomewhat to alleviate our ſevere Reflections, we'll deliver part of this bitter Cup to our Maſculine Widows.

And here, truly I think, if theſe were to be weighed in an equal Balance with the former, we ſhould find almoſt an exact Equilibrity: For how often have we ſeen confirmed by univerſal Experience, that the Huſband is as unmindful many times of his departed Spouſe, as the Wife is ſometimes, of her Husband? Making a Marriage Contract with the Future, whilſt his Preſent lies on a Bed of languiſhing; that he might not be long in ſeeking for a Bed-fellow after her Deceaſe. Hence we ſee too often, his natural Race wofully ſlighted and contemned upon the Arrival of a Step-mother: By whom, if he has a new Offspring, they ſhall be infinitely exalted above the former, and the firſt ſhall be made forced Slaves in performing Drudgeries for the latter; which is curſed Folly.

Sometimes we ſhall perceive our diſconſolate Widow bewailing with bitter Cries and Lamentations the Departure of his beloved Spouſe; as if he would pour out his Soul, and ſwim to the other World in a Sea of Tears. Nay, he will needs deſcend into the Grave, and be buried alive in the ſame Tomb; and there is no reſtraining of him but he will needs be gone: Who perhaps before the Days of Mourning are accompliſhed, we may ſee with a ſplendid Countenance, like *Aurora* when ſhe opens the Windows of the *Eaſt*, linked hand in hand with his new found Wife; and having his Brows incircled with triumphant Joy, he enters the Church, and knits the matrimonial Knot. And where are the fair Pretences now, to our former, never-to-be-

forgotten

ſorgotten Spouſe? Who is now as dead in his Memory, as ſhe is in her Perſon.

And pray let me here deſcend, and acquaint our Right Reverend Widows of both Sexes with the true Purport of my Meaning: Miſtake me not, I am not going to perſuade any of you, who are deprived of your loving Bed-fellows, always to embrace the Shades of Solitude; and for ever to remain in a ſingle State. Not but if you could contentedly ſet up your Tabernacles of Reſt, and ſtill continue ſo, it would be a very commendable thing. And no doubt, many times it may be more commodious for ſome of you to reaſſume your former Condition: Which your own Wiſdom and Diſcretion ſhould guide you to.

But by the way let me intrude this Caution, never in your ſecond Marriages to diminiſh the Privileges of the Firſt-born of your Strength: But always with the utmoſt Care and Diligence provide for them as you would do for your later Extract. And thus we have finiſhed the Three firſt Things propoſed, which leads us to the Fourth and laſt; namely, to give you ſome Rules for a regular Marriage.

Marriage you know is ſometimes loaded with many Inconveniencies, and is exclaim'd againſt by many as a grand Error, yet this may be ſaid for it, that as Men ſuffer themſelves to be bound, when they are cut of the Stone, or any ſharp Diſeaſe, being conſcious of their want of Reſolution, or Conſtancy; from whence the wiſe Operator takes ſo great an Advantage, as not to let them looſe till they have obtained their Cure. So the grave Law, ſettles by this way our wild and wandering Affections, converting them to the publick Benefit, perſuading ſuch as are willing to hear her, That a Wife is Phyſick both for ſtrong and weak, quenching the Fire of the one, no leſs than reſtoring the Heat of the other. Therefore you that would needs be Familiſts and marry, give me Leave to preſcribe you ſome few Rules how to order your Affairs in that weighty Concern. And here Firſt, If while Strength is in your Loins,

Loins, and Force in the Navel of your Belly, you are ſtirred up with itching Deſires after a Marriage Clog, and have ſingled out the Object of your Love, before you ſubmit your Neck to the Yoke, be ſure to ſurvey the true Extent of her Eſtate, that ſo in Ignorance you may not entail yourſelf upon the Owner; and in this never truſt common Fame, which for the moſt Part dilates a Portion or Joynture beyond its natural Bounds: Proving alſo not ſeldom litigious, and that found given by Will queſtionable; by which Husbands are tied to a black Box more miſerable than that of *Pandora*: There being in the Law Hope of nothing but Trouble and Injuſtice. Neither do Widows ſeldom put their Eſtates out of their own Reach, the better to cheat their Huſbands; perverting ſo far the Courſe of Nature, as to make him thraſh for a Penſion who ought to command all. This requires Love to be uſhered into this undiſſolvable Nooſe by Diſcretion, ſince it rarely falls within the Compaſs of Example, that both Parties (if wiſe) ſhould be cordially pleaſed with their Bargain. Therefore the Yoke of Marriage had need be lined with the richeſt Stuff, and ſofteſt outward Conveniencies, elſe it will gall your Neck and Heart ſo, as you ſhall take little Comfort in the Virtue, Beauty, Birth, *&c.* of her to whom you are coupled. And therefore let me intreat you to lend an attentive Ear to ſeaſonable Advice, and faithfully to practiſe it, when ſeriouſly offered. Thoſe of you that are deſirous to enter into Wedlock, and would fain be accommodated with Bleſſings in that Affair, let me adviſe you to aim high, and prove valiant, eſpecially you that, in no high Degree, appear the Minions of Fortune; for here is no Danger, *Icarus* like, of ſoaring too high, leſt your Wings melt and leave you to periſh in your Deſign, but you muſt ſoar aloft, and ſeek thereby to better (in ſuch a meaſure as poſſible) your Fortune; or elſe by your faint Attempts you'll plunge your ſelves into a Labyrinth of Miſery. And who knows at what Figure of the Lottery the Index will point, till it has finiſhed its Motion? For competent

petent Eſtates are not ſenſible of the Inconveniencies of poor Marriages; as having beſides greater Diverſions, the Staff of Power to keep the lean Wolf from the Door: Want being no leſs the Original of moſt Sins, than the Mother of all Plagues.

Secondly, If while the Sinews of your Stones are wrapt together, and natural Vigour reſiding in your Loins, you will needs yoke yourſelf to another's Deſires, let me adviſe you not to make a celebrated Beauty the Object of your Choice, unleſs you are ambitious of rendering your Houſe as populous as a Confectioner's Shop; to which the gaudy Waſps, no leſs than the ſiquoriſh Flies make it their Buſineſs to reſort, in hopes of obtaining a Lick at your Honey Pot: Which though bound up with the ſtrongeſt Obligations or Reſolutions, and ſealed by never ſo many Proteſtations, yet Feminine Veſſels are obnoxious to ſo many Frailties as they can hardly bear without breaking, the Pride and Content they naturally take in ſeeing themſelves adored.

Neither can you decently reſtrain her from this Concourſe, without making Demonſtration of Jealouſy towards her, (by which you confeſs your ſelf a Cuckold in your Imagination already,) or Incivility to ſuch as come to viſit you; though it may be ſtrongly preſumed your Sake hath the leaſt Share in this Ceremony.

To avoid therefore this tormenting Perplexity chuſe a Medium between both, which will not ſo ſoon excite others to ſuch longing Deſires, but leave you to the full and quiet Enjoyment of your Chatter alone. For if you conſider Beauty alone, quite diſcharged from ſuch Debentures as ſhe owes to the Arts of Tire-women, Taylors, Shoemakers, and perhaps Painters; you will find the Remains ſo inconſiderable, as ſcarce to deſerve your preſent Thoughts, much leſs to be made the Price of your perpetual Slavery.

Thirdly and laſtly, You that have rendered yourſelves Pupils to whining Love, and are bound faſt with the Nuptial Cord, keep your ſelves within the Marriage Contract: For although before you forfeited your Free-

dom,

dom, you were Denizens of the whole World to rove at your Liberty, yet now you muſt reſt yourſelves contented within the Confines of more narrow Limits: And let your Love be ſincere and fixed, like that of the famous Spouſe of *Duillus*, a noble *Roman*, who when it was objected to him that his Breath ſtank; he went home and chid his Wife becauſe ſhe never told him of it; ſaid ſhe, *Sir, I would have told you, but that I thought all Mens had ſo ſavoured.* So far was ſhe from wanton Kiſſing, that ſhe never ſmelt others Breath than her Husband's.

There is another unparallel'd Story big with Wonder, of *Artemeſia*, famous for Chaſtity, but more famouſed for her Love to her Husband; who made a Royal Sepulchre for her dead Husband's Body, and took his Heart and dried it, and beat it to Powder, and in a Cup of Wine drank it, thinking no Tomb good enough for a Thing ſhe ſo well loved, ſave only her own Body.

We might inſtance in many others renowned for Love to their Husbands, and where there is ſincere Affection, with a faithful Obſervance of the Marriage Covenant, and cordial Reſpect on the Husband's Part, they and none elſe, truly enjoy the Comforts of Matrimony. And this we have great Reaſon to hope, will be the Iſſue of our worthy Friend's Contract with the beautiful Lady *Cornelia*: For he is arrived to an Age wherein our Senſes are quick and active, free from raſh Headineſs and inconſiderate Actions, of a ſtrong and fixed Reſolution, being about Six or Eight and Twenty Years of Age, and his beloved Spouſe between One or Two and Twenty: So that we may ſuppoſe they did not raſhly precipitate themſelves into this indiſſolvable Nooſe; but with Diſcretion rightly conſidered the Weightineſs of the Affair; and Fortune hath bleſſed them with a competent Store of Wealth, ſufficient to keep the hunger-ſtarved Wolf from their Gate.

And now let us join our hearty Wiſhes for their Health and Proſperity; That whilſt *Strength is in his Loins, and Force in the Navel of his Belly*, he may ſo faithfully

fully perform the Rites of a Marriage-bed, that his Wife may never have Cauſe to Grind unto another; nor he perplext with Jealouſy of a Co-rival, or that another ſhould bow down upon her: But may they both keep themſelves within the Marriage Contract; ſo as there may not be the leaſt Suſpicion on either ſide, for the Violation of their Chaſtity. And may his Name be perpetuated to a Thouſand Generations by a thrice happy Offspring. Thus hoping you will not impute it to a buſy intermedling with, or retorting upon either Sex, I humbly crave your Pardon for what ſavours of a Satyr; for I doubt not but the Zeal ſome do retain towards the Creed and Practice of others, will make much of this look like Blaſphemy.

But I hope better things of you; for I queſtion not, but you will put a favourable Conſtruction on the Innocency of the Deſign. Relying upon which I ſhall boldly exhort you all in general, to make the Text one of the principal Points in your Chard; that if you are willing to link your ſelves in Marriage, let it be done while there is *Strength in your Loins*, and *Force in the Navel of the Belly*, and while *the Sinews of your Stones are wrapt together*. And in ſo doing, may the bleſſed Influence of the propitious Stars for ever ſucceed your Deſigns.

FINIS.